

# MARYKNOLL

• THE FIFTH



October 1945



## Plans for Mission Sunday

**I**N THE National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director (center), Rev. Aloysius F. Coogan, Editor of *Catholic Missions* (right), and Rev. Joseph J. Tennant, D.D., National Secretary of the *Opus Sancte Petri* (left), arrange the plans for the observance of Mission Sunday on October 21, 1945.

On this day Catholics in many parts of the United States will take part in activities designed to continue awakened interest in the Church's world-wide mission endeavors. Mission Sunday, 1945, has particular significance when so much of the world is looking to the United States for material and spiritual help.

# MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR ·



*The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul*

**Address all communications:**

**The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York**

**"W**e have reason to believe that a large proportion, if not all, of our readers, are members of the world-wide Society for the Propagation of the Faith. If there are some not attached to that richly indulgent Society, we urge them to take advantage of the opportunity which it affords to help the general mission work of the Church at home and abroad, and to share in a great treasury of merits. Information can be secured from your Diocesan Director of Missions, or from the National Office, 109 East 38th Street, New York City.

"The Propagation of the Faith has an endless task before it, because it aims to give some help to all missions under Propaganda. The stronger it becomes, the greater will be this help, which even today is reckoned, at the lowest, as ten per cent of the world-mission expense.

"Individual mission societies try to gather the remainder needed to carry on their work, but those who help such a Society as ours of Maryknoll should consider it a duty and privilege to share also in the great mission-aid societies of the Church; notably the Propagation of the Faith, for adults, and the Holy Childhood, for the young."

—BISHOP JAMES A. WALSH,  
*Cofounder of Maryknoll*



**Bishop**  
**James A. Walsh**

Since various State laws differ in their requirements for wills, write for our free booklet:  
*The Making of a Catholic Will.*

**Legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.**

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# G. I. Joe Speaks Chinese

by JAMES M. SMITH

**M**OST Americans quit studying Chinese after the first few months. The labor and patience required are just too much, and they leave the serious study to missionaries and other permanent settlers. Newcomers, in their first fervor, pick up enough words to enable them to order a meal in a restaurant; or get along with tradesmen and servants.

That is about as far as most foreigners get. A standard quip among them has always been: "We positively cannot learn this stuff! Let's just teach English to the Chinese, instead."

This would be very convenient for the foreigners, but a strain on any poor Chinese who must talk with them to earn his daily rice. The result is a jargon called "pidgin English," a cross between Chinese and English and a frank admission of ignorance on both sides.

## "Interpreters" Visit Us

**B**UT WITH all its faults, the system has its good points: it does get the ideas across eventually, and that is what really counts.

When the American Armed Forces first came to China, they did not have even pidgin English to fall back upon. The G.I. ignorance of the Chinese tongue has given our soldiers more trouble than have the Japanese. After all, a Zero can be shot down in a matter of minutes, but it takes years to get anywhere in the Chinese language. Gestures and strange noises are all very well when a soldier is in a shop buying trinkets for the folks back home, but they fail miserably when used for bossing a thousand laborers building a modern airfield.

Something had to be done if the American Army was to get anywhere. Soldiers could not take time off to study Chinese, and official interpreters were simply not available. Luckily for all concerned, there was an abundant supply of so-called interpreters ready to be called upon. These included all Chinese high-school and college graduates, and students still in school.

## English Popular

**F**OR twenty years, English has been the foreign language most frequently studied by Chinese students in the schools, and most of the students have really put their hearts into the study. Graduation from school did not mean that the graduates were fluent in the English language, but study had given them a working foundation; and when it was necessary to speak, they could be of some help in conveying American ideas to their own countrymen.

In the emergency, such students were the last resort, and the Chinese Government rounded up these "interpreters" from all over China. Schools of all sizes were set up, where those who had gone rusty in their English could brush up quickly on the language.

The youths turned out by these schools may have passed examinations, but they certainly were not ready for the job before them. Many a bewildered American officer has bemoaned his fate when, after being presented with a student assigned to be his right hand in dealing with his Chinese labor crew, he has found that this official interpreter knew about as much English as the officer knew Chinese. Many students had memorized their textbooks

and could rattle off lengthy conversations about the weather and the war; but they had not the faintest understanding of what they were saying.

Some of these language students came to visit us at the rectory. After we had bowed them into chairs, a conversation would take place somewhat as follows:

"I am from the Interpreters' School. My name is Wong. What is your name?"

When we told him our name, the interpreter was so happy at just being understood, that our name did not even register.

"How is your wife?" would be the next question.

"I have no wife."

"Oh, that is nice. How many children have you now?"

"No wife; no children!"

"Is that so? How many boys and girls, please?"

And so it would go, until the visitors ran out of questions, or we perhaps lost

some of our interest. Polite bows followed as we accompanied them to the door, trying to show how glad we were that they should promise to come again soon to see us and have another so-nice talk in English. All in all, however, the interpreter scheme worked out fairly well.

### Americans Are Idols

AMERICANS, unfamiliar with the problem of "face," have committed the cardinal fault of rebuking their interpreters in the presence of others, and immediately have found themselves lost and alone in a far country, with nothing but their little *Guide to Chinese* book between them and a non-sympathetic and completely non-understanding world.

The Chinese, taking advantage of the G.I.s, may have imposed at times upon them — and found that Americans can really get tough when they know they have been misused. Both sides have learned

Tired G.I. Joes and Chinese friends gather 'round a roaring campfire





**Determined U. S. soldier leads Chinese squad on brisk cross-country tramp**

lessons, however, which have brought better understanding.

Our Armed Forces have not yet reached the coastal cities, where pidgin English is used by many of the people. But there are offshoots of the jargon wherever the Americans go. Chinese coolies delight in mimicking the speech and gestures of their idols, the American soldiers. A group of Chinese workers may be sitting, waiting to go to work. When their American Army foreman arrives, they call out, "Okay, Joe, lezz-go!" All know this means "Let's get to work!" because the Army bosses use that expression when they want men to do something.

Shoeshine boys have sprung up everywhere, and when a soldier goes by they call out, "Okay, Joe! Sit-down shine.

Okay!"

The exchange has not been entirely one-sided, however, for the American soldiers use lopsided Chinese, too. Some have studied hard and can even get along fairly well with a Chinese audience, which is usually very patient and sympathetic. But most Americans have simply absorbed a few well-known phrases, with which they supplement their gestures.

The commonest of these is "*ting hao*," meaning "very good," or "swell," which has been used so often it is part of our men's natural speech. They say, "I had a *ting hao* time at the dance last night."

Linguistically, we have left the American mark on the Chinese; and they have given our soldiers much in return. This may be a sign of good things to come.



Maryknoll missionaries in Bolivia travel by boat on the historic Beni River

## Adventure in Bolivia

by GORDEN N. FRITZ



Fr. Fritz, now in Bolivia

**T**HE KEYNOTE of my river trip to visit Father Collins, in Conquista, was sounded by an old man from San Lorenzo, who has lived on the Beni a long time. As we started out with hopes of reaching Conquista in two days, old Placido spoke wisely:

"A happy trip to you, Padre, and I hope you arrive in two days. But don't forget, there is always something to hold you up on the Beni."

And there surely was!

As we left Fortaleza, I planned on being back long before carnival time. The first day downstream went smoothly enough. I hoped to get a mule at Ethea, and continue by land, cutting across through the jungles from the Beni River to the Madre de Dios River. But at Ethea the mules were all busy, so my first setback was to wait there three days. After the mules came, we set out, with a guide to show us the way, on the great ride up and down the canyons to San Lorenzo. The administrator at San Lorenzo would accompany me the remainder of the way to the Madre de Dios River.

We started our trip at eleven in the forenoon, and expected to spend the night in the rubber central,

eight or nine hours ahead. But happily the path was good and the day cool, so we pushed along rapidly and, in spite of various obstacles, arrived at our destination just before nightfall. But then came our next big delay! We had arranged to meet another guide at the rubber central, and he was to direct us the remainder of the way. But he did not arrive as early as we did.

While waiting for the guide, I decided to change the original plan and administer Baptism to a group whom I had intended to baptize on the return trip. It was just as well, because the clouds gave forth in a ceaseless downpour, until midafternoon. And so I had thirty baptisms there in the wilderness. Of the newly baptized, fifteen were children and fifteen adults.

### **I Estimate Their Ages**

I DID NOT know when I could reach them again, so I baptized the adults in a separate group, after giving what instructions I could. Several of the newly

baptized had children of their own, and some even served as godparents.

Questions about age brought typical answers: "Who might know, Padre? Who can say?"

I couldn't! But for one young girl about twenty, I made a joking guess. To her father, who was trying to figure out how old she might be, I said, "Probably about seventy, don't you think?"

### **Bright Prospect Ahead**

IMMEDIATELY he beamed. I had answered for him, and he would not have to think any more! "*Si, Padre,*" he repeated, "about seventy!"

After that, I did all my guessing interiorly.

We had a good sleep that night, and were off next morning with the prospect of a pleasant day ahead. Our pack mule cut into the woods at one point, and it took us an hour to overtake her in the jungle. Finally we got her to a bridge, but she was afraid to cross—and I didn't blame her! The bridge was just a collec-

**Bishop Escalante drills native band for rousing welcome to Maryknollers**





**"May I go along on your trip, Padre?"**

tion of swaying poles, loosely tied together with vines. But jungle bridges are all like that, and we get used to them in time, considering them better than none at all.

Later a windstorm swept through the region, leaving the road covered with great fallen trees. Getting around them was a tiresome job, but finally we reached the little hamlet of Sena. There we were royally received, pleasantly refreshed, and spent an excellent night.

#### **Maryknoller a Welcome Sight**

**NEXT MORNING** I parted from my companions. The administrator gave me a man and a canoe, and we paddled downstream to Conquista.

After three hours, we reached the summit whereon the village stands, and I knocked on the door of Padre Tom Collins. That Maryknoller was a welcome sight, and his hospitality was worth waiting

for. Our journey had taken a week instead of the scheduled three days. I spent four pleasant days in Sena, exchanging plans and ideas, and marveling at the way Father Tom had developed the interest of his young people. I was most kindly treated and was really sorry when the time came to begin the homeward trip.

The first stop on the return trip was at the port of Conquista itself.

#### **Journeys Are Long**

**THERE** I tried to get the necessary men, canoes, and paddles to continue. Luck was with us, and we had a good trip up: the current was not too fast, the day was cool, and lots of jungle fruits were hanging right over our heads. We had the canoe half full by the time we got back to Sena, particularly with a cargo of cacao beans, from which cocoa and chocolate are made. The beans are collected not so much for the seeds, as for the body surrounding the seeds. This is white, soft, and rather sweet, when ripe.

We found a dozen or more kinds of fruit that I had never heard of before. Unfortunately, like most jungle products, they were ninety-nine per cent seed and one per cent substance!

The next day we reached home, at about five o'clock in the afternoon. It was good to get home, to unpack, and to have a real bath. Later, in the hammock I meditated on Bolivia and its far-flung boundaries. Even the closest missions are indeed a long way apart, down here.

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**R**OSARY Month. When you have finished your beads, will you go back to the crucifix and say the Our Father and three Hail Marys for all missionaries?

# Warrior Hero of Old Cathay

by THOMAS J. MALONE

AS I STRODE ALONG the paved streets of Chiuling, my companion, the celebrated Colonel Fou, who helped us rescue Father Harry Bush from the bandits, pointed to an inscription in Chinese letters over a doorway: "*Fan Ngo Ho San*."

"Do you know what that means?" the colonel asked me. I told him I had heard it often and seen it all over China, especially during the present occupation.

## Astounds His Judge

"IT IS THE war cry of the memorable Yo Fei, a great general who lived in the Sung Dynasty, nine hundred years ago," said the colonel. "'Yo Fei' means '*Flying Mountain*,' and Yo Fei certainly lived up to his name, for he hit the enemy hard and often. He used the war cry '*Fan Ngo Ho San*,' which, freely translated, means 'Give back our country!'"

As we picked our way up the street between the many baskets, for it was market day, the colonel went on to tell how the Chin tribes invaded China from deep in Manchuria. Their cavalry drove all before them including the Emperor, who had to transfer his capital south of the Yangtze River.

Yo Fei showed the Chinese how by the use of four-wheeled carts holding twenty-four infantrymen, they could break up the cavalry ranks by sheer power. The infantry disgorged from the carts would do the rest. Yo Fei was having extraordinary success. He was worshiped by the people, who, because of the practice of confiscation, sometimes suffered as much from their own soldiers as they did

from the enemy. But Yo Fei made confiscation an offence deserving of death, so everywhere he was greeted as a liberator and friend.

His success in the prosecution of the war, and his popularity among the people at home, made the general the envy of the prime minister, who got the Emperor's ear and had him recalled. He was tried and accused of disloyalty. In reply, he used an oath that is common among the Chinese: "I call heaven and earth to witness that I am innocent of this charge!"

When accused again, Yo Fei stripped off his shirt and displayed on his broad, muscular back four characters, said to have been tattooed there by his mother. Translated, they read: "Loyal and faithful to country until death."

The judge was confounded. The spectators cheered. There was nothing to do but dismiss Yo Fei. But the prime minister took things into his own hands and had the general murdered by a jailer. Yo Fei was only thirty-nine years old.

## Faithful Unto Death

WE REACHED the temple and saw the statue of a young and handsome soldier, dressed in the armor of bygone days.

It could have been a statue of Saint Sebastian! There were a few candles burning in Yo Fei's honor.

As we parted, the colonel said: "The spirit of Yo Fei is what we soldiers need—to be loyal and faithful unto death. And then we'll win back our country. But we need a little supernatural help, too, and we are relying on you, Shen Fu. Say a prayer for us sometimes."



Coached by Maryknoll Sisters, these Korean girls excel in volleyball  
Native Sisters and priests take over instruction and care of the flock



# Bright Star of the Orient

by PATRICK H. CLEARY

**A** STRONGLY WORDED statement was issued recently by Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew, ex-ambassador to Japan and a man well versed in affairs of the Orient. The statement declared that the United States has complete sympathy with the aspirations of the Korean people for freedom.

"In view of the long and close friendship between the American and Korean peoples," said Secretary Grew, "it is with considerable satisfaction that this Government looks forward to the time when Korea can take its place among the free and independent nations of the world."

It is of interest to Catholics to know that, only a week before Mr. Grew released this statement on behalf of our Government, a new organization known as "Catholics for Korea" sent a telegram to President Truman and other high Government officials, asking that the position of the United States in regard to Korea be made clear because of numerous rumors which had been heard, regarding the disposition of that country.

Whether this telegram was in whole or in part the cause of the Government pronouncement, we do not know; but in any

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**Lest Americans forget the courage and fortitude of their friends, the valiant Koreans now striving for independence, this story is told**

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Father Cleary, of Ithaca, N. Y.

event, the atmosphere has been cleared, and the "Catholics for Korea" organization can carry on with its other objectives, primary among which is the education and informing of the Catholic American public in regard to Korea—the Bright Star of the Orient.

Having spent twenty years of my priesthood among the simple, lovable people of Korea, I feel something of an exile here in my native land. Korea is home to me, and I am anxious to go back. But since war prevents my immediate return, I should like to spend my waiting time in

winning sympathy and support for the people of my adopted land, a people Americans know all too little.

Korea is a land unique in many ways. Foreigners did not take the Faith to Korea, originally; Koreans themselves went out in search of the truth. When the first priest entered the Hermit Kingdom, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he found that those Korean lay apostles had raised up a precious band of four thousand baptized Catholics. That group and its successors were to be decimated and torn, during the succeeding century, by a ruthless persecution in which thousands of

Koreans joyfully suffered martyrdom rather than relinquish their hard-won Faith. Andrew Kim, the first Korean Catholic priest, was slain for the Faith after two short years of priesthood. Together with seventy-eight martyred companions, he was beatified, in Rome, in 1925.

That the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians was amply borne out. During my twenty years of labor in Korea, twenty-five thousand Koreans were baptized in the Maryknoll sector alone. When we were thrown into jails and internment camps, following the outbreak of war, we left behind us thousands of catechumens who were preparing for baptism.

### **Strong Native Clergy**

**I** REMEMBER the many hundreds of Korean children in our Catholic schools — and the record enlistment of over a thousand pupils in the Blessed Mother School in Pengyang. Our dispensaries ministered to multitudes of the sick poor.

A strong native clergy and a strong native Sisterhood were being built up. In the providence of God, those Korean priests and Sisters were on hand as leaders to carry on the work after we Americans were forcibly removed from our flocks. But even though we were separated from them, our people did not forget us. They braved police guards, subject each time to merciless browbeating, to bring us food and news.

Faithful Koreans! They stood weeping along the streets, when under guard, we returned to our missions to pack two suitcases — all we were allowed — for our final departure. I shall never forget the crowd of familiar faces that surged about the railroad station on that June day in 1942, when we were unwillingly sent home. The Catholic Koreans dared not salute or

give any sign of recognition; but their presence, and the agony in their eyes, were sufficient. They bought tickets and packed the train which was taking us away — just to be able to ride a few stations with us.

Is it any wonder, then, that I desire to return to my people in Korea? Is it strange that I feel out of place here in my native land? Japanese guns forced our bodies to retreat, but our hearts remained there.

We know that they will persevere — that they will keep the Faith. They possess too glorious a heritage, to do otherwise. We should like to be with our people in the dark days that lie ahead, when the predatory instincts of certain great powers may make bold to engulf this small nation. But this privilege has been denied to us; we can only hope.

### **Await Day of Return**

**T**HE STATEMENT of Acting Secretary of State Grew gives us hope. The development of the "Catholics for Korea" organization indicates that Catholics in the United States are becoming interested in their brothers in the Mystical Body. On such hopes and such indications, we will sustain ourselves until it will become possible for us to return to our people in Korea — the Land of the Morning Calm, the Bright Star of the Orient.

### **LIVING ON INCOME**

**Y**OU CANNOT eat your cake and have it, too.

But you can give your money away and still live on its income!

A free booklet, explaining how this can be done, will be sent to you gladly. Write us for

*The Maryknoll Annuity Plan.*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

# I Meet a Personality

by JOHN M. MARTIN

SEVERIANO is a happy youth of twenty-three who provides the musical motif for our sacerdotal treks. Married but a year, he still enjoys singing love songs, in Spanish, especially one about two hearts, two loves. It is his job to bring up the rear of the party and to ride herd on horses, mules, or burros which carry the baggage. His birdlike whistle, his happy call of "*Andale, mula!*" — the equivalent of "Let's go, mule!" — and his steady chant of songs always brighten the way.

His wants are few. He rolls up in a blanket on the ground at night. He wolfs a dozen or more *torillas* at each meal, after toasting them in the hot ashes of the fire which he builds at every stop. Snatching the hot cake from the coals, he shakes off the ashes by slapping the pancake against his overalled leg, and then munches away between copious gulps of powerful black coffee.

## First Man Up

WHETHER his horse is climbing steep inclines or plunging downward, Severiano can sit in any position in the saddle. Frequently he leans down to the ground, scooping up a stone to throw at the rear end of a slow burro. He can ride miles, herding the pack animals while carrying in his hand an open pan of water, to be used later for making coffee.

In the morning Severiano is the first man up. After lighting the fire, he dashes off afoot or on a horse to bring back a straggling mule. His smile is as infectious as his song, as sincere as his devotion at Mass on a mountaintop, or his faithfulness as he mumbles his night prayers into his *serape*, when stretched out on the soil he knows so well. All the possessions he has in this world are a wife, a horse, and the clothes on his back.

## God Is Good

BUT AT his throat hangs a large miraculous medal; and because he knows Our Lady always cares for those who love her, he has little to fear.

We visited this young man's home, where he lives with his wife, his parents, and an odd assortment of aunts and cousins. He was fresh and clean after a bath; his only shirt had been washed at the near-by brook, and ironed. He sat on the floor, cutting leather soles for sandals from two big cowhides. God is good! Soon Severiano would have new sandals, would ride the trail with the Padres. He would be back home for Epiphany, the Feast of the Kings, with a few pesos in his pocket and a gift for his *senora*.

All these things has Severiano, and also the Catholic Faith! What more could a man desire?

THE PRIESTS and the Catholic people of the State of Maine have learned, from past experience, that their active participation in the missionary life of the Universal Church becomes a source of untold divine blessings. . . It is well known that vocations to the diocesan priesthood and the many Sisterhoods, flower in the measure in which our young men and women go out to labor in the foreign-mission fields."

— Catholic Missions

## On the Mission Front

**Saint Rose of Lima:**— Three centuries ago, there lived in Lima, Peru, a lovely maiden. After her death the Church added her name to the list of the saints. A saint is one who lives up to his religion.

In present-day Peru, there are many good Catholics who honor the memory of Saint Rose of Lima. But there are other Peruvians who, perhaps for lack of priests to remind them, have forgotten that they themselves are Catholics, and they have also forgotten Saint Rose. The Maryknoll Fathers aspire to bring back to these people a lively faith and a remembrance of the great saint.

— *Father Raymond C. Hohlfeld, of Hastings, Nebraska, now in Macusani, Peru*

**Diamond in the Rough:**— The most famous of our kids is Musa. Moses, as he is called on formal occasions, is thirteen years old and the leader of a gang which is made up of our altar boys.

He is always barefooted, and his clothes are disreputable. This is because fighting is his specialty. This year I decided that a little discipline would do him good. So I put him and his whole gang into the Salesian day school. The youngsters surely hated school at first, but now Musa has taken first place in his class. I am the boys' guardian and have to sign their report cards every Sunday.

— *Father James V. Manning, of Richmond Hill, New York, now in Talca, Chile*

**Standing Room Only:**— At the end of the month, Father Grondin arrived here in Porvenir. He brought me a mule, but even he does not think much of it!

We arranged passage on a river steamer, for our guest. I did not envy Father his trip, as most of the deck space was taken up by wood for the boiler. There were quite a few passengers and I am sure that Father had a hard time trying to find spare inches over which to hang his hammock.

— *Father Walter J. Valladon, of Oakland, California, now in Porvenir, Bolivia*



Father Hohlfeld



Father Manning

Father Valladon





**Father Donovan**



**Father Sheridan**

**Father Byrne**



**Heavy Burdens in Kaying:**— The seminary opens with about forty youngsters (five of whom are in first theology). The Bishop gave the tonsure this week. We had 285 Holy Communions on the Feast of the Assumption; there were nine baptisms during the month, and the Bishop confirmed fifty-nine candidates two weeks ago.

There are about seven hundred Chinese coming to the property every day for food. We have a small industrial school where youngsters learn to make fans, baskets, and other useful articles from bamboo. We give these young workers three meals daily; the other school children eat only two meals a day.

— *Father John F. Donovan, of Newport, Rhode Island, now in Kaying, China*

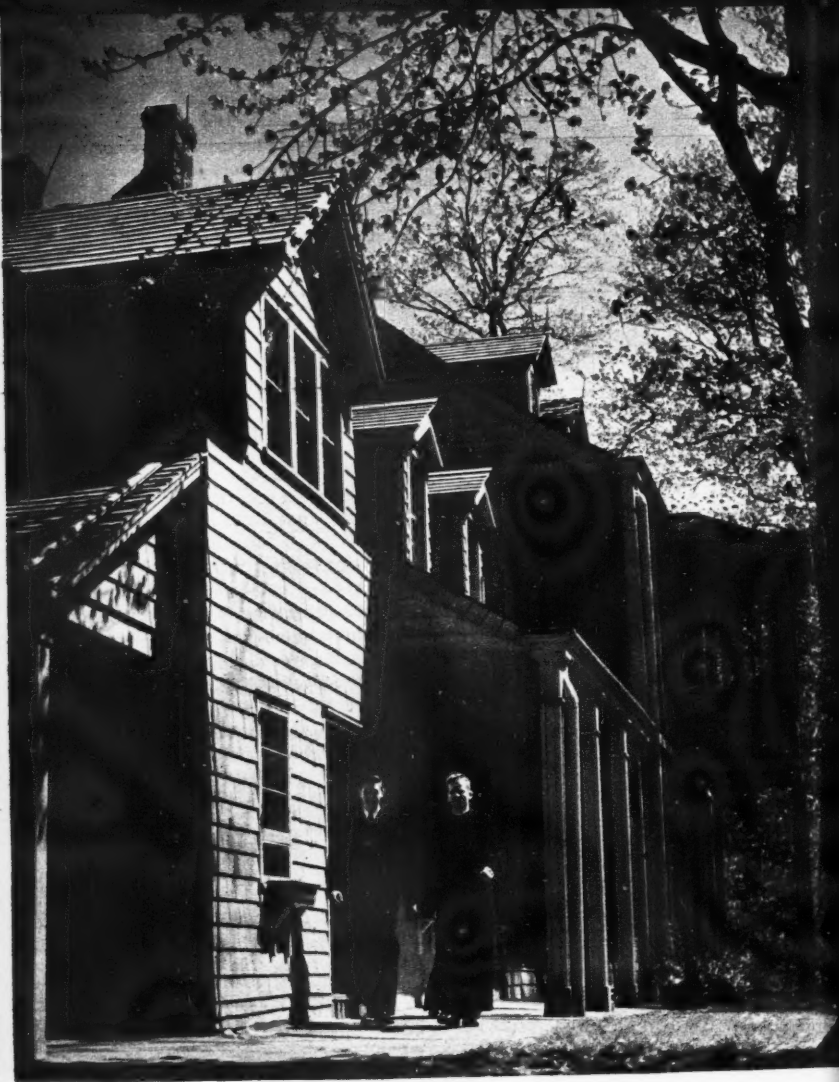
**Grace in the Philippines:**— Baguio is in the mountains, and it has a glorious climate. The food for a time was the best in the Islands' camps. There is no question that we fared better than any other group: two Japanese on the camp staff risked their lives daily to get us just a little more than the minimum. Most Catholics here were better than average, and a number of lapsed Catholics were brought back to the sacraments. The conversions were not many, but the seeds of faith will probably bear full fruit in God's time.

— *Father Robert E. Sheridan, of Chicago, Illinois, now in the Philippines*

**Strength from Within:**— Peru has a Catholic population of about three and a half million people, with only a thousand priests to care for this vast multitude. It is estimated that six thousand more priests are necessary. The hope of the Church in Latin America is in the number of native priests we can train in this tragically understaffed land.

American missionaries serve only as a temporary stopgap. The Church in Latin America must be built upon the strong foundation of its own sons. If Catholicism is to experience a revival south of the border, it must be Latin-American priests who will perform the task.

— *Father John K. Byrne, of Dunmore, Pennsylvania, now in Puno, Peru*



"Promenade at Maryknoll"

## Knoll Notes

**"Corpus Christi" at  
Maryknoll-in-Bed-  
ford (right)**



**"Come and get it"  
at Maryknoll College**





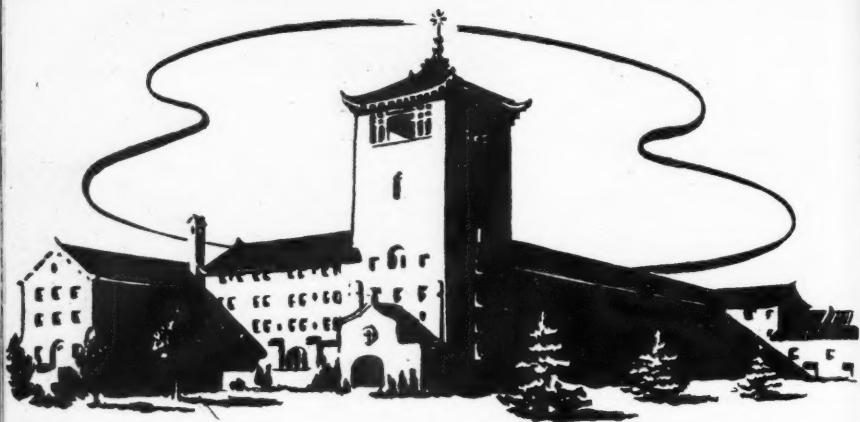
"The Seminarian"



**"Batter Up" (above)**

**Maryknoll-in-Brookline,  
Junior Seminary opened  
in September (right)**





**T**HIS picture shows the tower, the main entrance, and part of the residence wing of the Maryknoll Seminary.

But half of the intended whole is missing.

When the plans were drawn for the Seminary, twenty-five years ago, it was intended that a chapel should be built where you see the sky and the open fields.

But there was not money enough. Classrooms and bedrooms were given preference; a lecture hall has been our chapel.

The years went on, and war scourged China. There was a sudden desperate need for money.

Then came Pearl Harbor, and all but war construction stopped. Building the chapel is our postwar plan.

We shall need help with it. Any gift, large or small, will be welcome for our Chapel Fund.

It is ironic that Maryknoll Seminary, which has sent so many missionaries to so many far-off places to establish and maintain churches, has no church of its own!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

## **Help Our Architect Finish His Plans**

## MEN OF MARYKNOLL



**Hearts Uplifted:** — Father Cleary gave a talk in the Puno prison today. On asking a few questions, he found the prisoners reasonably well prepared to confess and to receive Holy Communion. We hope to hear the confessions of about seventy prisoners on Monday, then celebrate Mass, and administer what will be for many of these poor fellows their First Holy Communion. Father Cleary would like to say Mass in the prison every Sunday, but as yet has not located linens and other necessary appurtenances for the altar.

— *Father Arthur C. Kiernan,  
of Cortland, New York,  
now in Puno, Peru*

**Rich Inheritance:** — Huehuetenango is an imposing little town, perhaps the most beautiful in this sector of the country. A prosperous community, one would judge at first glance. Yet with the passing of time, we understand better the old maxim, "Not all is gold that glitters." We see poverty, malnutrition, and disease at every turn. Indians carry heavy burdens over the mountains for a few silver coins, yet they conduct the business with dignity and grace.

— *Father James E. Hughes,  
of Little Neck, New York,  
now in Huehuetenango, Guatemala*

**Sick Call:** In Calacala, we received a rush call last night from a young Indian

mother. She had returned home after an absence of two days, spent helping to gather the harvest, and she found her three-year-old daughter suffering from a terrific burn. We went to visit the child, and found the burn severe over half her body. The accident had happened the day before, but help was not called because the child's father, a young man of twenty-four, was bedridden, in the last stages of tuberculosis. We did everything we could, and the doctor was pleased with our daily treatment. A week later Father McCabe performed the marriage ceremony for the child's parents.

— *Father John J. Lawler,  
of New Bedford, Massachusetts,  
now in Calacala, Bolivia*

**Lights Turned Off:** — The manager of the electric-light plant in Talca, Chile, has decided, rather reasonably, we think, that since seventy-five per cent of the people have not paid their bills for a whole year, the town can do without light. We have not had light for a week, and there is no evidence that it will ever come on again! To top matters off, the officials decided to repair the dam, and so turned off all water from the town for the past four days. Imagine trying to run a school, with eighty boarders on hand, without lights and water!

— *Father Jerome P. Garvey,  
of San Francisco, California,  
now in Talca, Chile*

# MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



**T**HE MONTH of the Rosary is a good time to pray, and never was there a period in history when there were more things to pray for. Can anybody be indifferent to the problems of humanity in these critical days when the entire world is in the very gravest need? Can anybody fail to feel the wounds and privations of the soldiers of all the battlefronts as if they were his own; to commiserate the misery and desolation of the world's homeless refugees; to share the sorrow of bereaved and divided families; to be pierced by the tears and hunger of the innocent myriads of destitute children; and above all, and before anything, to deplore and pity the deep spiritual poverty of all? A good world should be able to meet many of the needs of its people, but their greatest need it can never meet, and that is the need of God. May they who failed to discern Him in His blessings find Him in their sorrows! Our Lady, Queen of the Rosary, hearken to the chain of prayer we weave around thy maternal sympathies, and show thyself a mother to the wretched and the weary of all the world.

## Wartime Spirit

A MODERN Ulysses from Martinsburg, Missouri, has not seen many cities, but he has suffered many woes during his past half-dozen years in China. He has spent them dodging about in the hills of the Kongmoon Vicariate while continu-

ing to supervise and inspire the work and the personnel of the beleaguered mission. All this time he kept a benignant eye on the missionaries and a weather eye on the encircling enemy troops, as he operated sans supplies, sans money, and sometimes sans everything.

His reports are laconic, like himself, but they give a hint of his spirit, if they do not tell his story. "Everybody safe so far," comes a message, "although some lost all belongings. Pray we hang on to the end." The latest echo from the same wartime missionary is of a piece. "All well with us," it reports; "we have good chance to practice missionary virtues now." Sounds like Bishop Adolph Paschang, of Maryknoll. It is.

## China's Changing Outlook

FIFTY YEARS of Catholic life in a Chinese village ought to make a difference, yet the sociologist who pokes his nose into such a community might easily fail to see the difference. A great deal would depend on what he looked for. If he expected to see a completely changed standard of physical and material living conditions, he would almost certainly be disappointed. Chinese family customs and living standards change slowly, and the Catholic village would exhibit the same ancient style of housing construction with its meager provision for light, air, and privacy, the same lack of modern sanitation, the same abstention from

anything smacking of luxury or comfort, and the same immemorial cobwebs that characterize all Chinese village homes. He might find the same pigs in calm possession of their place in the sun, the same buffaloes tied to the front door, the same ducks and chickens, dogs and cats, all over the place. He would find no tiled bathrooms or central-heating plants, few radios to listen to, or easy chairs in which to listen to them. He would, in short, be able to see on the surface little if any material alteration. On the other hand, he would find important changes if he knew where and how to look.

They would stem largely from the creation of a Christian conscience. If the sociologist were proficient in the Chinese language, he would note one striking difference in the relative absence of bad language. If he knew Chinese customs, he would see a sharp distinction made between harmless national traditions and irrational superstitions. If he inquired into the history of the people of the village, he would find more and better education along Chinese lines. And he would discover that some of the boys from the village had entered the priesthood, and some of the girls the Sisterhood; that other young men and women were pursuing courses in higher education; that there was more reliance on medicine and prayer than on herbal concoctions and necromancy, for the curing of their diseases; that their children were more innocent



and better behaved; that there was more amity towards their neighbors and less of the constant bickering and litigation that divide neighbors; that the whole village wore a general air of basic happiness and quiet content. In short, he would find a village that had changed to conform with Christian concepts of life and

morality, although it had remained very much the same as regards its physical standards and outward appearances. We have nothing against sociologists. We even aspire to be one ourselves. But we think the spiritual change is basic. Material changes will

come later as China changes, but the great change has already taken place when the people have been given an enlightened conscience and a new outlook. Christianity provides the incentive and energy to make all necessary changes, but pure morals come first, and pure-food laws come later.

### **Shifting of Personnel**

AT PRESENT, China missionaries fall into three chief categories. Some are interned in occupied China, others are semifree in the hills in encircled China, and still others are completely free in Free China. In addition a certain proportion have been repatriated for ill health, and some others are in the homelands on routine furloughs. On the whole, the dislocation of mission personnel has been surprisingly restricted under the circumstances.

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

**HOPE OF ASIA.**—The Catholic Church battles to preserve the family. Through her missionary priests and Sisters, she upholds the model of the Holy Family in Nazareth, and teaches the love and devotion that everywhere hold the family together.





# Chinese Youth Comes of Age

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

**W** E OF America take education so much for granted, as a natural thing, that we have difficulty in picturing the vista it opens to the Oriental boy. Nor can we value education, unsought and thrust upon us from childhood, as keenly as does the boy in the Far East, who has conquered many obstacles in order to sit at a desk in a schoolroom. A comparable instance the West affords is the ghetto boy of forty years ago, who starved and slaved to attend the New York schools, whose lean years of pinching economies later filled the law schools of the metropolis. The immigrant's son had poverty to contend with, but there was a plethora of schools for his choice.

## Appearance Counts Little

**I** N CHINA, however, the odds are more uneven: schools are relatively few, distances to be covered are usually greater, tuition is rarely free, and the disproportion between the expenses of a boy at school and of one at home is a major problem in many families. The boy who stays at home has practically no problems of dress: the makeshift, made-over garments he wears create no shame in rustic China, where every farmer dresses in the roughest simple cloth. But the boy

who goes away to school must have his uniforms and daily change of underwear, his shoes and blanket and mosquito-netting, his soap and washbasin and little mirror, his books and pens and writing tablets, and a suitcase to put them in. All these articles are almost as provocative of furor in the home circle as is a bride's trousseau at a hasty marriage.



Bishop Ford, of Kaying, China

Many of China's elementary-school boys, and most of its high-school boys, board away from home while attending school. But there is no such thing as a boarding-school as understood in America, except in the foreignized port cities; at best, the Chinese school may offer a long shed or a few rooms where the boys crowd together. Each boy brings his own bed and bedding, writing desk, stool, lamp and oil; each cooks his own meals with his own firewood and utensils, or clubs with several friends to hire a common cook; each washes his own clothes, or makes his own arrangements with some neighboring woman to do the job.

## Assumes Responsibility

**I** N A WORD, each youngster is on his own from the moment he leaves home, often at the tender age of twelve years.

The Chinese student not only manages

**Self-reliance, initiative, dependability, are qualities shown by the Chinese student, even when living far from home, states Bishop Ford**

his own menu and housekeeping, but often chooses his own boarding quarters and selects the school he will attend. From the day he quits home, he becomes his own master, handling his own school fees and spending money, and paying his own bills for laundry, food, and clothing. The result is a maturity of responsibility that students in other countries do not attain until their college days.

In Western lands this system might work havoc with the character of the boy; but in China, although there are some ill effects, it produces a sturdy independence and surprisingly prudent judgment in handling money and in creating one's own home life.

The clan system partially safeguards the raw tyro in his first years at school: the boys of the same village, usually cousins of some degree, club together in renting rooms and buying food, and thus are less apt to be imposed upon by sophisticated dealers in the towns. Even New China is tenacious of traditions, so the young boy falls naturally into school life with little urge to experiment along individual lines: the older boys of the clan are

obeyed, and they guide the newcomer until he has learned the routine.

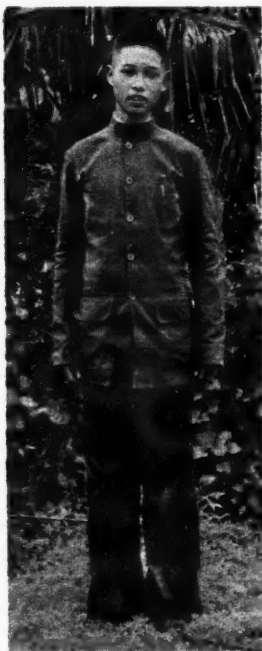
The Western boy, beginning a boarding-school life, is lonely and homesick, and unused to planning for himself, even in a limited way. At home his every change of linen was supervised; now he hardly knows what clothes are in his suitcase, and he does not know how to sew on a button or do any simple repairs skillfully.

**Is Self-Reliant**

**HIS** FLIGHT would be even worse, if the American boarding school did not take charge of food and necessary services. The Chinese boy, in equal circumstances, knows even the fabric of his clothes, the feel and wearing qualities of cotton or half-linen, the price of twill or tweed, and he values his limited wardrobe accordingly.

From early childhood, the Chinese student living away from home has bought and mended and changed his own clothes, set his own horarium for work and play, leaned on no one for counsel; and his personal habits are already definitely formed.

His school or rented quarters in the town provide nothing but four walls and roof; he furnishes himself with bed and bedding, even kitchenware. Often he must wash his own clothes, and cook his own meals, and carry water from the well; but



**A model Chinese student**



### Chinese boys compete in games familiar to British and American youth

he is "at home" and settled within an hour of arrival. This independence is carried sometimes to absurd lengths; the Chinese boy may pass many days in a room shared with others, without learning their names. The English are proverbial for reticence with strangers, but the average Chinese boy at school can be almost unconscious of his roommates.

#### A Diligent Student

**A** GROUP of American youngsters, thus left to themselves all day, would, I'm afraid, prolong their games, sleep over in the morning and delay their bedtime, and indulge in very reluctant skirmishes with their books. But the Chinese boy disciplines himself to rather regular hours. He rises before dawn and sets his simple room to rights; then is off to school without any breakfast, just as the sun comfortably lightens the road. On his return, at ten or thereabouts, he makes a fire. While the rice is slowly simmering, he cleans and cuts up vegetables, and soon tackles the bowl of rice with gusto—all of this, of course, without any adult help. Then, without urging from anyone, and with no thought of self-complacency,

he gives an hour or so to "home work" before his afternoon classes. Between five and seven o'clock, he eats the second meal of the day, and then plays some games. After that he returns to his study. All this takes place in a room crowded with two or three other boys, usually in a "boarding house" where there are perhaps four more such rooms rented by the term to other students.

In an American counterpart, the landlady might keep her eye on the boys and do much to make the atmosphere as homelike as possible, but in China the landlady is too busy with her field work and sees the boys only on pay day. Chinese housekeeping in the interior simply begins and ends with opening the big street door in the morning and locking it at night; during the rest of the day, it is left wide open.

#### Initiative Is Commendable

**T**HE BOYS themselves do whatever sweeping and cleaning they think needed. In this they follow the national custom of having neat personal rooms and furnishings, with almost total disregard of sloppy common rooms or courtyards. The chick-

ens and dogs do a better job in the latter than do the boys, and they keep the yard passably sanitary. When lamps are lit at dusk, every one settles to another hour or two of study before early sleep.

The most striking difference between Chinese student life and that of boys elsewhere, is the absence of fighting or any display of ugly temper. There are, however, continual clatter and chatter about the kitchen work and chores, and the noise livens the students' otherwise too-sedate tone. Petty squabbling, inevitable wherever boys live isolated from their elders, is efficiently handled by the crowd in general, with little animosity or deep hurt.

### **Few Problem Children**

IN FINE, the Chinese boy from twelve upwards is already an adult in character, in regard to handling his own concerns without adult interference. This is the result, not so much of his living away from home, as of the common practice among the Chinese everywhere—the practice of requiring the boy to fend for himself from early childhood. Infants are coddled excessively at first, but small children are left to toughen themselves with little supervision.

In exchange for this independence, which many a growing American boy would envy, the Chinese lad is cut off from the frequent gifts from doting uncles and aunts that keep many an American boy in spending money. The Chinese boy receives his monthly allowance from home, or from the temple of the clan, for food, rent, and all other necessary expenses; after carefully distributing the sum accordingly, he has very little left for tidbits. It takes a bit of stamina to pay debts for necessities, and forego the more enticing novelties

that catch a boy's eye.

It has often been remarked by observers that the growing boy in China has not only liberty but license, and from all rules of psychology, he should eventually prove incorrigible. But experience proves that, as the Chinese boy grows up, he has a sedateness and natural sturdiness not found in the average Western young man. Behind the "modern" young man in China is the older generation, which permits unlimited speech but controls the purse strings. Consequently, the modern young Chinese, consciously or not, conforms to the only ideals he knows.

Besides, as Chesterton has remarked, youth is naturally conservative and formal in its conduct. Especially conservative is the Chinese youth because of his lack of adult cultural advantages. He realizes he must feel his way cautiously in matters of taste. Though not sensitive to criticism, which is absent, and hence not blushing gauche in blunders, he is reticent and cautious about anything beyond the range of boyish naturalness, and thus he remains refreshingly youthful and not given to posing.

### **Formality Prevails**

ONE RESULT of this absence of posing is the avoidance of freakish sophistication as expressed in the wearing of outlandish clothing by some Western students. In China, schooling is still a privilege and is respected by formality; but formality in China never tends to ostentation—rather, to simplicity and neatness.

In a word, the student class in China as a whole is distinctive for unpretentiousness and monastic type of artless, utilitarian living, innocent of acquired art but manifesting restraint and therefore harmonizing with China's Spartan concept of a student's career.



Maryknoll Sisters at American camp after rescue from Los Banos internment

## Charity in Barracks

by HELEN HAIG

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**Nursing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and converting souls, made the Maryknoll Sisters true angels of mercy at Los Banos Camp**

---

**I**T IS A TALE that is beginning to fade into history—the rescue of over two thousand civilian internees who were on the verge of starvation in a camp outside Manila. During the past few months, dailies, weeklies and monthlies have recounted the dramatic events surrounding

this rescue by United States paratroopers and Filipino guerrillas. Amtracs also took part. Now “homey” little incidents, which made life tolerable in that imprisonment, are coming to light.

The Los Banos Camp was divided into two sections, separated by a palm-like or *sawali* fence. On one side, was “Hell’s Half Acre,” so-called by its fifteen hundred lay internees. In “Vatican City,” on the other side of the fence, the regulation military barracks were inhabited by 250 priests, Brothers and Sisters, and an equal number of Protestant mission-

aries. One barrack served as the Catholic Chapel, and was furnished with a main altar and many side altars in cubicles along the walls. There about 130 Masses were offered daily, and the sacraments were administered at various times.

In the early months of internment, no communication was permitted between "Vatican City" and "Hell's Half Acre." Shortly after the arrival of the missionaries, however, a few cases of contagious disease broke out among the Acre-ites. Fearing an epidemic—and with no little reason—the American Central Committee called for volunteer nurses from "Vatican City." The Sisters were quick to answer the call, welcoming it as a chance for direct contact with souls.

#### Lapsed Catholic Converted

AMONG the forty-seven Maryknoll Sisters interned, were several registered nurses; and these, with two Immaculate Conception Sisters and two Holy Cross Sisters, were chosen for duty.

Mr. John Doe, an ex-railroad man from the States, was one of Sister Frederica's patients. He was dying of tuberculosis. But worse still, he was a lapsed Catholic and had not been to the sacraments for thirty-four years.

Aware of his former occupation and of the punctilious habits it engendered, Sister Frederica was scrupulously exact in all the details pertaining to his care. That, she believed, would be the quickest way to win his trust and confidence. His meals—a local term, used without material foundation—were served on the dot; his medicine and treatments were given with split-second timing. The cup customarily used by such patients was cleansed, and scoured with the sand of the barrack floor, after every using. This little atten-

tion in particular was appreciated by the poor old man, then so sensitive to other folks' fear of his germs.

While Sister was reading to him one day, he interrupted with some startling remarks. He said: "I want to be a Catholic again. I've drifted far away from the religion of my youth. I want to come back, but I'll need some lessons."

#### Great Peace Comes

ONE of the priests gladly gave the instructions, and before the end, the old man was well prepared and received the Last Sacraments.

Another interesting case was an elderly Jewish man, a highly intelligent individual. His reason fought hard before all doubts were cleared and the gift of faith vouchsafed him. With the gift, there came a great peace. In strong contrast to the recent struggling, his soul went forth to its Maker with that sweet

#### Sisters visiting in Manila slums



simplicity of a child seeking haven in a loving father's arms.

All the internees shared, in a greater or less degree, the manual work required for the maintenance of the camp. In the hospital barracks, several Jesuits, Dominicans, and Christian Brothers were assigned as orderlies. And that is how one of the Jesuits happened to meet little Barbara King, aged three.

When Barbara was ordered off to camp, she insisted upon taking her large family of dolls along, too. This maternal devotion did not wane when acute dysentery warranted her removal to the hospital; her dolls were invalidated, also. One day, in the convalescent stage, Barbara trotted off to visit a friend in the far section of the ward, leaving her brood in topsy-turvy disarray on her cot. In the meantime, the "orderly" Jesuit, in his round of duties, took it upon himself to set up the little plastic women in neat formation.

Just as the last doll was made to toe the mark, Barbara arrived, and indignantly greeted her reverend visitor with "Shucks, what a man *you* are!" Straightway she put her family "at ease."

Some months before the rescue of the internees, the sawali fence came down, and the two camps were united. Laity and missionaries mingled freely, and much good was accomplished. As

all worked together under a blazing sun—picking weeds, which later would serve as soup—some internees unburdened hearts, minds and souls of the weight of years. Subsequently, marriages were revalidated and the sacraments administered.

And so it was, even from the moment when the first bombshell hit Manila. The wounded were taken to St. Paul's Hospital; and through the instrumentality of the Sister nurses, not a few of the victims recaptured a lost faith.

Providentially, when the priests and Sisters were interned, they were permitted to bring with them large quantities of altar breads and wine—two essentials for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. The hosts were broken into small particles, and medicine droppers were used to measure out the wine. The "inventive charity of God" ensured sufficient for the duration.

Letters from the freed Maryknoll Sisters in the Philippines report them beginning anew from ashes and rubble. Sister Rose Marie — sister of the famed Jesuit hero, Chaplain Joseph O'Callahan — summed up their situation nicely:

"All our houses have been destroyed but we will get a start somewhere, somehow. As for personal belongings, we are practically destitute . . . The present plan is to try to re-establish our former works—starting from scratch."

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## A Pipeful of Tobacco

by MARK A. TENNIEN

**S**OME YEARS AGO, I frequently visited an old French missionary, who had come to China in 1890 and had weathered the storms and sunshine of mission life for fifty years. His life was a book — a dream book — that conveyed its message only when the pages were opened by conversation as we sat around a charcoal brazier on a winter's evening. The old missionary needed only his pipe, and then reminiscences came out like a saga.

When asked a question that required pondering, he prepared for his answer with solemn ceremony. He dug the old pipe, with its cracked bowl and long-used stem,

out of his pocket; tobacco was fished out of another pocket; then came the hunt for matches. After all were gathered on the table, with calmness and dignity not unlike that of a priest preparing incense, he started the pipe. After all, this pipe, the partner of fifty years, had shared his worries and his joys with a sympathy that only a pipe smoker can understand. A warm friendship had grown up between the pipe and the priest.

If you will wait a moment while I fill up my own pipe, I will try to tell you all about the missionary's great friend, his pipe. It always helps, in thinking what

**Chinese laborers pause in their work for a long smoke and a bit of gossip**



one is going to say, to pack down the pipe bowl slowly, drawing smoke through the stem as the match burns almost to the fingertips.

When Christians come in from the villages to tell about a fight in their midst, or injustices done to them by their neighbors, the priest listens attentively. But meanwhile he looks for his pipe, then his tobacco, then the matches, and he goes through the procedure of lighting up and smoking earnestly for a few moments. This keeps him from interrupting, and it gives the callers a chance to get the whole affair off their minds. It is always best to listen to the end when anyone comes with a tale of trouble and woe.

A man's complaint seems less serious when the priest views it calmly; and the priest can usually think of something helpful to say, as he watches the blue smoke peacefully rising.

There are days when the missionary must administer sympathy and comfort, when his people are burdened with sorrow.

### Must Brighten Outlook

AN OX DIES, or a water buffalo, depended on for ploughing the fields; the flood or the drought has ruined the crops on which the family counted for their livelihood. The priest knows he can assist only a trifle with funds; but he must brighten his people's outlook, soothe their smarting hearts, and lighten their burdens.

The pipe has always been his resort in

situations like these, so he takes counsel of his pipe while he talks over his visitor's troubles. His words roll out softly with the smoke; and the philosophy of distress

and suffering, which his spiritual thoughts have taught him, causes the worried Christian to see the problem in a new light, and to go home with something to ease his sorrow.

Without question, the pipe has played a big part in many such conferences. People feel, when they see the Spiritual Father get out his pipe and tobacco, that he has time for their troubles and will hear them out.

A man smoking a pipe creates an atmosphere of peace and calm. The world isn't going to fall to pieces — just yet!

### Many Questions Asked

WHEN THE PRIEST goes out on a trip to his country villages to say Mass for the people, the pipe proves a helpful companion. After a repast of coarse rice and vegetables, a smoke supplies much that is wanting. In China, after a meal, the men gather round with their long bamboo pipes. The children crowd the fathers' bench, and the women stand in the background while the problems of the village are discussed.

As the evening wears on, they ask all about America. Are there any poor people there? Do Americans use water buffaloes to plough the fields? Do they grow rice? grass? fruit? A thousand other questions follow, as this simple sort of conversation



Father Tennien, of Vermont

goes on in the village. But with a pipeful of tobacco, the missionary finds the chat a pleasurable one and the evening happy.

The missionary's life in a strange land is solitary, but it is not lonely if he keeps company with his pipe. That friend helps to people his long evenings with pleasant company. The missionary may be weary of too much language study, or worn out with the many problems presented to him. Yet through it all, his pipe becomes the refreshing audience of his thoughts. The pipe is an understanding friend. It does not chide him for his mistakes, but listens as he goes over the whole confounded thing; then it sees his angle of the affair and takes his part. The pipe is a shock

absorber for all his mistakes, for all the foolish things he does. Talking it out with the pipe may keep him from going down in discouragement.

The pipe is always a tolerant friend. While the missionary talks to his pipe, he can throw matches on the floor, blow ashes over the rug and the chair, or otherwise disarray the room, without even a disapproving look to mar his comfort. His pipe does not seem to mind journeying with the missionary to places inhabited by fleas, bugs, and mosquitoes; or trudging through rain and mud, up mountainsides, or down into valleys. The pipe shares his moods, brightens his darker hours, calms his impatience, tempers his anger, in its own gentle, forgiving way.

There are two occasions when new ideals and new plans parade across the missionary's mind. One is when he is reading his Breviary; the other is when he is smoking his pipe.

### **Smoker Easily Entertained**

IDEAS ARE trespassers during his prayers, and he does not welcome them. But with the pipe and an easy chair for a quiet hour, he brings into the conference all his problems and plans. He gladly thinks them out while the smoke encircles him; the ideas rise and expand like the smoke. He works out a plan for the conversion of a village, rounds out a sermon, prepares an article, repairs a chapel — all while burning a dozen matches over his pipe.

Thus musing, the priest is like a bee let loose in an orchard of blossoms, gathering and storing ideas for his work. In such a leisure hour, he is a composer running his fingers over the keyboard, finding the richest chords and mellowest harmony.

The pipe has a part to play, also, when the priest visits a fellow missionary who



An old sage, wise and mellow

has been months without seeing another foreigner or talking his native tongue. The pipe acts as an *aperitif*, adding a sparkle to the conversation, cutting through reserve, bringing *bonhomie* to the visit.

Everyone finds it easy to entertain a smoker. When you have a smoker for a visitor, you simply bring out a can of tobacco and a smoldering taper that can be blown into flame when the pipes go out. Then you are ready for a pleasant evening session. The cost of living, the local gossip, problems of international economics and finance, postwar unemployment and rehabilitation — all are settled with a pipeful of tobacco. You know not what problems may pop up again tomorrow, nor do you worry about them so long as you have your pipe.

A trying feature of the current unpleasantness in China has been the shortage of everything that deprived the missionary of his pipe. His automatic aid to patience, burned out and cracked up just when he most needed the maximum of patience leaving him nothing to fall back on but the virtue itself. He is not opposed to the practice of virtue for its own sake. Rather



#### An extended smoke under difficulties

he is so much in favor of it that he welcomes any help. So he will welcome peace — and with it his pipe of peace.



### YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

**WE** HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick,	3,112	Persons in the services,	4,578
Persons deceased,	2,610	Other special intentions,	6,327

# Three

## Short Stories

by FATHER WINTHROP

RECENTLY I asked three of my priestly friends just how they received their vocations to the priesthood. To my surprise, the answers were: "From a magazine"; "From a Catholic newspaper"; "From a pamphlet."

I relate each of the three stories just as they were told to me.

### I. From a Magazine

"A Franciscan priest with a worldwide heart was calling on my mother one afternoon," said the first priest. "He put his hat and a magazine down while he was visiting; and when he prepared to go, he took only his hat. My mother reminded him of the magazine, but he said that he had finished reading it and perhaps we would like to look it over.

"When I came home, I picked it up, attracted by a picture of six young seminarians on the cover. They had been the first seminarians to enter Maryknoll, and were then nearly ready for the missions. I read further. That was in September. By March, I was at Maryknoll."

### II. By a Catholic Weekly

The action of the story told me by the second priest was not so rapid-fire.

"The woman who lived upstairs in our house was a great reader — mostly of good Catholic magazines and papers," he said. "She never failed to share them with her neighbors. One Sunday morning, I was sitting on our front porch as she started out to church. 'Here is something for you to look at before the Sunday



funny papers come,' she said, as she handed me a Catholic weekly newspaper. I had never seen it before; but from that time on, I looked forward to it.

"One day it delivered its message to me: the picture of a bearded missionary in Africa, with a description of the work he did to give Christ to his people. This fanned the spark of faith in me. There was not much known about foreign missionaries in those days, and the only advice my confessor could give was to go to Ossining, and talk to Father Walsh, one of the founders of Maryknoll. I came, I asked, I stayed."

### III. Pamphlet Blown by Wind

The case related by the third priest happened while he was still a schoolboy. He was waiting at a windy corner for a bus. The wind blew a piece of paper against his ankle. As he reached to pick it up, he noticed the words, "The Story of Maryknoll."

"It was a complete history of Maryknoll," he said, "and what a history it proved to be! I had heard of Maryknoll through the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, to which I belonged at school. But I lived a thousand miles from Maryknoll, and it seemed far, far away. A week or so later, the Crusaders were having a Mass in our Cathedral, and a Maryknoll priest preached the sermon. After the Mass I went into the sacristy and spoke to him. Yea, verily, brother—he roped me in! But he did not have to work too hard."

#### Vocation Is Revealed

A vocation to Maryknoll's foreign-mission priesthood is indicated by:

(1) A desire to devote your entire life to the service of God. (2) Willingness to work in a foreign land; and the necessary mental, moral, and physical qualifications. (3) Acceptance by the Society.

For further information, fill out and mail this blank:

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MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Send me, without obligation, monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll priest \_\_\_\_\_ Brother \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

### Three-Minute Meditation

*"By this will all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another."*

— JOHN XIII: 35

**AN AMERICAN** aviator in China wrote to us recently, saying that he hadn't given much thought about the good that can be done by missionaries, until he "fell out of a plane and right into one of their tiny outposts in the heart of China." His letter continued:

"It was a very, very comforting feeling to be in the hands of friendly American priests, so far from home. I was deeply impressed by the universality of my religion. What a great Church it is, that can induce men like these to forsake forever the advantages of living in New York, Ohio, or California, in order to come to such a foreign wilderness as this, to fight a tough and almost thankless battle — and all for the love of others! It was very inspiring to leave, for a short while at least, the battle of destruction and find these truly brave men of Christ still fighting the battle for creating what is good and decent in this world."

The only word we can add to this is that the number of missionaries is still far too low. Many more are needed to go forth in the name of Christ. The more those in paganism see men showing "love for one another," the sooner will they be won to Christ.

●  
*Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.*

## Friends in the Service

**I**T WILL undoubtedly be of interest to mission lovers that more than two hundred servicemen have written to us, saying they would like to study at Maryknoll for the foreign missions as soon as the war ends. In addition to this number is Ffc. Benedict Smith, overseas for more than a year now, who hopes to join a religious congregation after he receives his discharge. Ben informs us that he is giving doctrinal instructions to a number of soldiers who have become interested in the Catholic Church. He tries to get to Mass

and Communion every day, and is always on call to give the chaplain a helping hand.

"Within myself," Ben writes, "I have been thinking that some day I shall do more for God in the consecration of my life to His divine service."

### WAC Friend in Manila

MARYKNOLL'S Father Robert Sheridan, of Chicago, had a caller the other day at La Salle College in Manila. The visitor, a young WAC, proved to be an old Maryknoll friend. She was Emily Sullivan, of Ossining, New York, who once worked in THE FIELD AFAR office. Father Sheridan's letter remarks that "it's a small world."

**Cpl. Bernard Nevins with his niece, Carol Ann, Maryknoll's youngest sponsor**



## French Like Our Boys

ANOTHER MARYKNOLL friend, Corporal Bernard J. Nevins of Yonkers, New York, brother of our Father Albert Nevins, writes from Marseilles, France, asking that we transfer his copy of *THE FIELD AFAR* to him there. He tells that when he was stationed in Paris he was able to visit the headquarters of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, and that he saw relics of many mission martyrs.

The corporal reports: "The Yankee soldiers are making a fine name for themselves. Hundreds of American Catholic boys attend Sunday services in the Catholic cathedral. The French populace is deeply impressed by this sight, especially after having had many unreligious Nazis in their midst."



WAC Emily Sullivan, formerly on *The Field Afar* staff, now in Manila



Pfc. B. Smith, now instructing teammates, plans to enter religious life

## Great Generosity

CORPORAL FRANK W. DENZEL, of Long Island, New York, sends mission aid all the way from the Philippines, where he is in action with the 169th Infantry. He says that he has instructed his family, in the event of his death, to turn over any money he may have on hand, to Maryknoll for use in erecting our new chapel. We pray God that this is one gift we shall not receive soon!

## Honor Well Merited

LT. JAMES J. MCCARTIN, of Lowell, Mass., D.F.C. and Air Medal, is well known to Maryknollers, having bailed out over our Kweilin mission.

He has two brothers who are priests in the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and two others who are seminarians. His mother is a benefactor of Maryknoll.

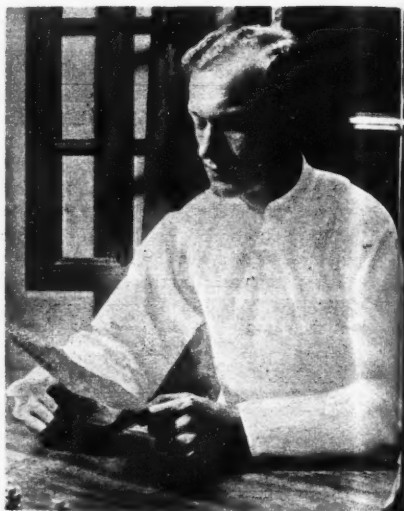
## Seminary on the March

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

**P**ROBABLY one of the most valiant stories to come out of China since the present war began is that of the series of unique perambulations of the Maryknoll Wuchow Seminary and the struggles of a few priests to keep the seminary in operation. Time and time again, the priests moved the personnel and possessions of the seminary to escape the wrath of Japanese troops, but each time they were forced to move on once more.

Originally located at Tanchuk, the seminary was moved to Paksha for safety. Both of these towns are in South China. The priests and students thought that they could remain unmolested, but the bamboo wireless soon began to buzz with rumors of new Japanese advances. One of the professors, Father Stephen Edmonds (of Cambridge, Massachusetts), was sent out on a scouting expedition. He returned with news that the Japanese were coming—and fast!

Father Albert Fedders (of Covington, Kentucky), rector of the seminary, called an emergency conference among the professors, priests, and senior students. Since communications were in chaos, and Japanese patrols were wandering widely over the country, it was impossible to send the students home. Maps and charts were brought into consultation. For hours the group made detailed plans for evacuation, always careful to keep an alternate escape route open. The possessions of the professors, the students, and the seminary itself were divided equally among the group. When word came that the Japanese were approaching, the whole party set out.



**Father Hilbert, of Rochester, N. Y.,  
rector of Kaying Seminary**

For four days they traveled over the rugged South China countryside. The situation was tense, but the spirit of the boys kept everyone cheerful. It rained constantly during that time, and all in the party were soaked to the skin. Under any other circumstances, the procession would have been ludicrous: boys and priests loaded down with their belongings, driving the seminary livestock before them—ten small pigs, forty-seven ducks, two guinea pigs, the dog and her four newly born puppies. On the fourth day, temporary shelter was reached.

**Keeping a step ahead of enemy patrols, our Chinese seminarians trod through the rain to safety, driving the seminary livestock before them**

### Five-Hundred-Mile Trip

CHARITY to a wounded mandarin attracted the attention of the Japanese, and again the long trek towards safety began. This time, after many hard days of walking, the group reached shelter deep in the mountains of South China. There they settled down at a small Maryknoll mission. Funds were sent from Maryknoll in Chungking, and prospects looked bright. It was decided to keep the smaller boys in this mountain fastness, but to send the older students, who were ready for the major seminary, to Kweiyang, some five hundred miles away.

Father Cyril Hirst (of Philadelphia) and Father Paul Welty (of Martinsburg, West Virginia) were selected to guide the boys there. The trip was made through rugged, mountainous territory inhabited by aborigines seldom seen by white men. Food was scarce, and on one occasion the boys caught a porcupine and the priests cooked it. The last four hours of the journey were the easiest, because the walkers met some American soldiers who gave them a lift in Army trucks.

Finally, two months to the day from the time when they were forced to flee Paksha, the Wuchow Seminary group reached the safety of Kweiyang. There the students were placed in the major seminary, to begin their studies immediately.

Such are some of the trials and troubles of trying to educate candidates for a native clergy in China today.

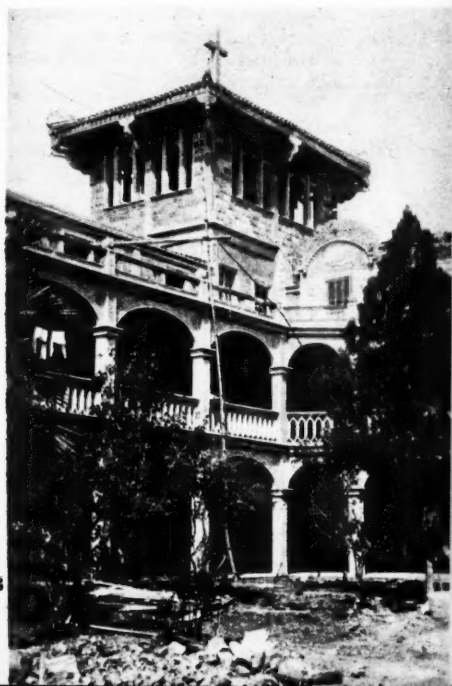
The Maryknoll Seminary of Kongmoon

was not as lucky as that of Wuchow. A young seminarian wrote to Bishop Walsh, telling him of what had happened in the Kongmoon institution.

"Do you remember when you came back to Kongmoon about four years ago," the boy wrote, "and we welcomed you with songs, and you gave us a talk? Do you remember? After you left us, the Japanese came and robbed the Bishop's house (Bishop Paschang) and our seminary, and arrested the Bishop, Fathers, Sisters, and us.

"After some time, they released us Chinese, so that each of us went back home. Formerly there were sixty seminarians in Kongmoon; now our seminary is empty. Six of us have gone to the Holy Family (Wuchow) Seminary."

### The inner court of Kaying Seminary



### Kaying Seminary Flourishes

**I**N KAYING, completely cut off by the advances of Japanese troops, the St. Joseph Preparatory Seminary, under the direction of Bishop Francis X. Ford (of Brooklyn), is going full blast. Funds are reaching Bishop Ford, and thus he is enabled to keep the seminary open. The boys themselves are helping to meet the acute needs of the times by extra manual labor and by their victory gardens and livestock projects.

Under ordinary circumstances, graduates of St. Joseph's go to distant Hong Kong, to attend the Regional Seminary for their philosophy and theology. It is impossible to reach Hong Kong now, so resourceful Father Hilbert (of Rochester, New York), rector of the seminary, has instituted classes in philosophy and theology. Five boys are in the second theology class and will be ordained in two years by Bishop Ford. The presence of six Italian Fathers, interned by the Chinese Government but permitted to live at St Joseph's,

has provided the professors of philosophy and theology that Father Hilbert needed.

Here is another letter which has just reached this country, from a young Chinese seminarian studying in one of the Maryknoll missions in South China. Full of gratitude for what American Catholics have done to help him on the road to the priesthood, John Haugh—at Holy Family Seminary, Kweiping, China—wrote to Bishop James Walsh, Maryknoll Superior.

### Asks God's Blessing

**"D**URING this war in South China, many seminaries have been closed because at present all things are very expensive; and needless to say, the cost of living is very high, too. So these seminaries have no means to support the seminarians. Although it is quite unfortunate, it must be the Providence of God.

"But our seminary has not closed. At this important time, I can continue to study. I can hear Mass every day. I can

**Maryknoll's seminary at Tanchuk was evacuated just ahead of the invaders**



welcome Our Lord into my heart every day. I have food to eat. I have a bed to sleep on. I have a house to live in. I have games to play. Although these gifts come from God, nevertheless I am also very grateful to my dear Bishop and all American benefactors for your constant support of us.

"I hope that God blesses you and all our benefactors always. I hope that God helps me to be a good priest in the future, to lead my people to know and worship God and to bring their souls into the fold of the Good Shepherd. I hope you can send more Maryknollers to China. I hope you and all American benefactors can send more money to China to help more Chinese boys go to the seminary. To express my gratitude and on behalf of all the seminarians, I write this letter to you."

Thus the work goes on. The future priesthood of the Church in China is being trained today. Hard put to keep their seminaries open, facing many acute trials and difficulties, our priests realize the great privilege that is theirs in training Chinese youth to become "other Christs," to train men who will help reap those fields already white for the harvest.

(Please detach and mail)

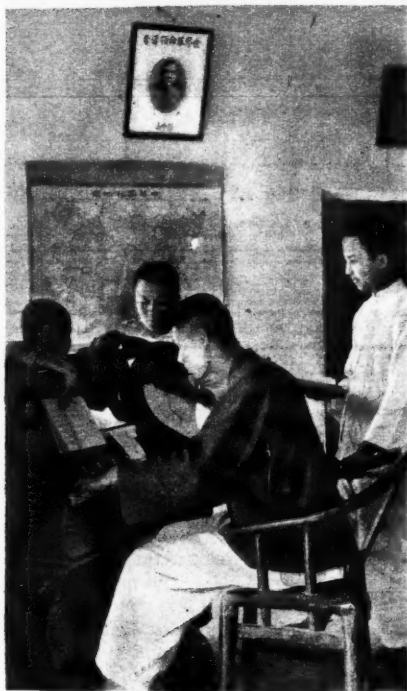
MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

Enclosed find my gift of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to be used for keeping your seminaries operating.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Seminarians practice plain chant

### China Missioners' Needs

FROM our missions in China has come an urgent request for Breviaries, Missals, oil stocks for Extreme Unction, and pyxes for the Holy Eucharist. Our missioners cannot obtain these essentials in China. We shall be grateful for these articles, new or used, or for offerings to pay for them. We can purchase odd sets of the Breviary for \$16; shopworn Missals for \$6.50; new pyxes for \$15; oil stocks for \$10.

# World Christianity

by PETER COSMON

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## FOR ALL OF LIFE AND ALL OF THE LIVING

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**A**T THE San Francisco Conference, a mild-mannered Chinese scholar, who is also a catholic-minded Catholic, put his finger on the central problem of our statesmen by reminding them that nations like individuals have consciences, and that the family of nations like every neighborhood group, must follow God's counsels.

"Christ's message, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' applies not merely to individuals," said Dr. Wu, in San Francisco, "but must also be applied to the conduct of international relations. This may be regarded as idealistic, but it is the only realistic way of bringing about lasting peace. Without this spirit, a peace conference will only result in sowing the seeds of future war."

But while Dr. Wu calls for high principles among governments, he realizes that these will never come about until there are high principles among the peoples who create the governments. And these high principles must include warm, generous friendship toward other peoples.

### Why Limit It?

**EVERYDAY**, rank-and-file Catholic life must breathe this philosophy of world friendship as Christ set it forth. For the most part, we have forgotten it. There is a blindness in our make-up which causes our minds to alter their normal functioning when they consider people who live beyond our national borders.

For instance, we struggle feverishly for education according to Catholic ideals. But why only for America? We want world-wide Catholic education, do we not? We are proud of our Catholic social action in our American communities, and regard with sorrow the sore spots among our poor, our unfortunate. But why only *our* poor? What is there that changes the worth of a human soul because it lives in another country? As God gazes down from heaven, is it possible that He feels double concern for all suffering creatures within that area of the earth's surface marked "U.S.A."? Hardly! Rather, He probably is mercifully blind to all border lines, to all flags and tongues and skin pigments.

### Must Include All

**WHILE** for practical reasons, such as limits to our time and to our pocketbooks, we may not be able to take up actively the problems of all men over the earth, we should see to it that our minds and hearts accept the principle of universal love and respect among all men. Christianity must embrace *all* of life and *all* of the living. If we are to be good Christians, our ideals must penetrate every smallest nook and cranny of our lives, and must soar out over the globe to every human being on the planet. With anything less than this, our Catholic life will be uncatholic.

And our soaring souls do not have to pass beyond our own border lines, to find men whom we have forgotten. We have always sought in our own way to love our neighbors as ourselves, here in our homeland neighborhoods. But have we thoughtlessly limited those neighborhoods, so

that entrance was granted only to certain of the elect of the earth for whom we felt a personal liking? When we undertake to love our neighbors as ourselves, is it a case of loving *some* of our neighbors, but of leaving out of the picture those whose skins are black or yellow, those who are neglectful about soap, those who come from southern Europe or from south of the Rio Grande?

Father Leo Trese, a zealous priest in Michigan, wrote recently in *The Commonwealth* about this half-hearted love of neighbor. "Until Catholic boarding schools," said Father Trese, "accept qualified students regardless of color; until the Catholic workingman is willing that a Negro of equal skill shall work beside him at equal pay; until a Catholic family can view, without horror, a colored family moving in across the street; until we stop expecting our Catholic Negroes to 'keep their place' in the Mystical Body of Christ (a place carefully selected by ourselves, not by Christ) — until then, we really have little right to claim membership in the Communion of Saints."

### **Soul Is Important**

OUT IN Denver recently, a Catholic conference was held to discover what was amiss with our care of the Spanish-speaking people in our Southwestern and Western States, all of whom are Catholic. Part of the problem, it was decided, was our unbrotherliness toward our own. Archbishop Vehr, of Denver, touched on this in his opening address.

"Priests and religious," said the Archbishop, "have rarely failed to see the human beings, the souls, behind the differences in race, customs, and language of the English-speaking and the Spanish-speaking."

"But I am afraid that many of our Catholic laity have failed. They have accepted too easily the prevailing attitude of the West and Southwest, which capitalizes and accentuates the differences and distinctions between the races. Our Faith emphasizes our common destiny in the Lord Christ. We are all brothers, one of another. We were created by the same Father, redeemed by the Precious Blood of the same Saviour. We are all members of the



same Church, destined for the same eternal glory in heaven.

### **No Division Possible**

"WE ARE ALL members of the same Mystical Body whose Head is Christ. These are the most important facts about us, and the practical denial or neglect of these facts hurts all of us in this area."

If our Christianity is world-wide in its vision and missionary in its spirit, it is the complete Christianity established by Christ. World Christianity is defined as: (1) A knowledge of, and regard for, the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and an appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals; (2) a devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.

## Maryknoll Want Ads.

**Why Should You** give money to keep Chinese children alive? There is no reason, except that you are good and kind, and wish to help them. The gift of \$5 means a month of life!

**The Maryknoll Chapel** will be built after the war, but we are asking contributions now to permit the making of plans and detailed arrangements in order to start promptly. Can you spare \$1, or \$100, or \$1,000?

**"Get a Horse!"** they used to say, in the days when automobiles were unreliable. We say it now to missionaries in Central America, where the roads are trails. And they reply, "Send us the money, and we will!" Horses cost \$100 down there. Will some friend help us to buy three of them?

**"Lieutenant"** is the military word; "understudy" is the theatrical term. For those who are trained to take over and carry on the Maryknollers' work, we use the name, "native priests." To educate one, costs \$1,500; when he is ready, the missionary can move on to another place and start another mission. Contributions for the training of native priests are very important and greatly needed.

**Penicillin Helps Arrest** the progress of leprosy, according to recent reports. What has always been regarded as incurable, may some day be cured! But unless we can keep alive Maryknoll's lepers in China, they cannot hope to profit by this discovery. Let us not desert them now — \$5 feeds one for thirty days.

**To Keep Alive in the Tropics** — wear a net for protection against malarial mosquitoes. Five of our missionaries, going south, need such nets. They cost \$10 each.

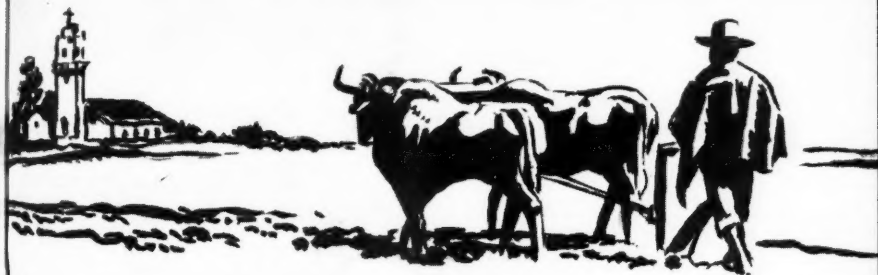
**What Makes a Church?** An altar. The simplest room, having an altar, becomes a place of sacrifice; the most magnificent cathedral, lacking an altar, is merely a large space roofed over. Two South American churches need altars to complete them. Who will supply altars, perhaps as memorials for dear ones? The cost in these missions will be \$200 each.

**Poisonous snakes** have bitten Maryknoll missionaries traveling in reptile country, but no Maryknoller has ever died of snake bite. This is because all such travelers have snake-bite kits. We must have nine kits, at \$2.50 each, to outfit new missionaries going to dangerous country. Give, and save a life!

**What Would You Do** if you were a Maryknoll missionary, caring for homeless, helpless, elderly Chinese—and you lacked money for food? What can we do? Don't make us face that question, please. Send \$5 for a month's care.

**One Secret** for maintaining missionaries in various parts of the world; at \$1 per day as living cost, is — seeds! The missionaries raise much of their own food, and thus keep their living costs low. We ask \$50 for seeds, which will grow into vegetables worth \$500.





## MISSION CHAPEL NEEDS

### Pando, Bolivia

Church . . . . . \$3,000

Chapels, 7 . . . . . each 1,000

Altars, 5 . . . . . each 200

Pews, complete set, 2 . . . . . each 240

Benediction set, 2 . . . . . each 150

Missals, 4 . . . . . each 35

Altar-card sets, 3 . . . . . each 15

Main-altar cross, 2 . . . . . each 20

Sanctuary lamp . . . . . 25

Stations of Cross, 2 . . . . . each 75

Vestment cases, 2 . . . . . each 80

### Temuco, Chile

Church . . . . . \$5,000

Church furnishings . . . . . 2,600

Chapel furnishings . . . . . 1,000

Chapel repairs . . . . . 300

### Talca, Chile

Chapel . . . . . \$1,000

Chapel furnishings . . . . . 400

Altar . . . . . 100

### Central America

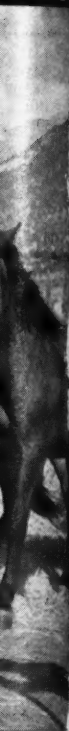
Reconstruct church . . . . . \$1,000

Church furnishings . . . . . 1,000

**Defense Stamps or Bonds** are always welcome gifts to our work. Help our country and help Maryknoll by buying War Bonds, Series F or G, in the name of *Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.*, and giving them to Maryknoll as stringless gifts.



**South American Roundup.** — “My kingdom for a horse!” is the cry of most South American missionaries. They use horses as the chief means of transportation on mission trips, sick calls, and visits to scattered Indians. A horse costs \$100; a saddle, \$20 more.



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